SECRET

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One day we motored over to Florence and lunched with Kay, Phil Graham, their children, Lally and Stevie, and their Newsweek correspondent for Italy, Mr. Pepper and his wife, at the Park Palace Hotel on the way to Fiesole. There we ate, drank and talked for several hours.

Charlie Blackwell arrived at Montecatini. Brose, Charlie and myself motored over to Viareggio, where I left them to board Nelson Slater's yacht, Dolphin. I found Nelson in good physical condition. The others aboard were the captain of a French merchant ship plying between France and Hong Kong and another Frenchman who had been in a Commando in Algeria for several years. They were delightful companions. We went down the coast to the Isle of Elba, then to the northern shores of Corsica, and finally to Dolphin's home port of San Remo. There I dined with Loulou in her charming apartment. Nelson sent me by car to Nice, and I went on by an evening train to Paris, where I spent a heavenly week at the Travellers Club.

September 4, 1962 - Tuesday

I returned to London on a two p.m. Air France plane, and went to the office, to be confronted by a mountain of paper. Except for reading the newspapers, I had not for more than three weeks given any particular thought to political matters. It was like living in another world.

REV 6-17-81
RELEASE
EXEMPTIONS

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